

THE VICTIMS OF LIONS.

TWENTY-EIGHT RAILROAD MEN
KILLED BY THEM.Lord Salisbury Tells of These Tragedies in
a Speech—The Terror of the Railroad
Camp—Differences Between Man-Eating
and Ordinary Lions.

A man-eating lion is one that has tasted human flesh, likes it better than the meat of any of the animals upon which its kind is wont to prey, and thereafter will eat nothing else if it is able to kill man, woman or child. In the past two years it has been more than usually in evidence in the large region of East Africa between Mombasa and Victoria Nyanza. Its exploits have brought heartrending tragedy to not a few native villages and it has repeatedly thrown into a panic large bodies of workmen who are grading the road-bed and laying the track for the Uganda Railroad. On May 17 last this terrifying brute was brought into unusually prominence in a speech delivered by the Marquis of Salisbury at the annual dinner of the Railway Benevolent Institution in London. Sir Guilford Molesworth's report on the Uganda Railroad, published by the British Government, last month, said that twenty-eight Indian coolies had been killed by man-eating lions while they were at work on the railroad. It is not often that a beast of prey receives attention in the speeches of Prime Ministers and in official reports of a technical character, but this African animal has fairly won its present distinction. Here are the remarks that Lord Salisbury devoted to it in the course of his address on the peculiar difficulties of building railroads in far away and barbarous lands.

'We suddenly learned,' said his Lordship, 'that we had altogether a wrong notion of the configuration of the country through which we were building the railway, and by altering the route we were able to save a hundred miles of our journey. But there were other surprises that awaited the construction of the railway in that country. The whole of the work came to a standstill for three weeks because a party of man-eating lions appeared in the locality and conceived a most unfortunate taste for all our laborers. At last the laborers entirely declined to work unless they were guarded by iron intrenchments. Of course it was very difficult to carry on railway building under these circumstances, and until we found enthusiastic sportsmen who undertook the task of getting rid of these man-eating lions and successfully carried it out our enterprise was seriously hindered.'

The man eater is very different from the ordinary lion that has not acquired the taste of human flesh. Lions, as a rule, are not such ferocious and fear-springing animals as many imagine them to be. They very seldom attack any one unless they are persistently pursued or have been wounded. If they see a person approaching them they usually prefer to slink off into the jungle and hide in its depths. They invite no attack and are willing a man should go his way if he will let them alone. But it is very different with the man-eating lion. It marks the human being for its prey, and killing mankind is its profession. This is the reason it is very difficult to catch the man eater in the traps that are set for it. A hunt is reared with a wide entrance and inside a kid or goat is temptingly displayed in such a way that if the lion tries to carry him off, the rope that ties the intended victim will release the door through which the brute has entered. It falls behind the animal and it is trapped, and may be despatched at leisure. But nine times in ten the stratagem fails to work. The king of beasts has not entered the village in the stillness of the night for goats or kids. It much prefers to dash through the low doorway of a habitation and seize a sleeping man or woman and then bound through the jungle with the victim in its powerful jaws, and if in the morning the natives are brave enough to beat the tall grass around the settlement they may find, perhaps a mile away, the bones of their unfortunate friend.

The ways of the man eater are enough to terrorize the stoutest heart, and it is little wonder that hundreds of these Indian coolies, who when trained for military service have proven that they will march undaunted to the cannon's mouth, are thrown into the direst panic by the sudden advent of one of these creatures. Its appearance is an unexpected, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It is perfectly willing to attack by day, crouching in the grass beside the path or at the village edge till the time is ripe for the fatal spring. About half of these twenty-eight victims were killed as they with hundreds of their fellows were scattered thickly along the line leveling the roadbed. The animal is not dismayed by numbers if only it may be unobserved till the very moment of action. In an instant it has

sprung into the crowd, tore with its claws long gashes in the flesh of the man it has marked, buried its teeth in the victim's thigh, crushing the bone, and is off in the jungle with the prey, usually baffling pursuit by its fleetness. The imported Indians could not stand this sort of thing, and finally struck work till they were assured of the extermination of the man eaters in their neighborhood. Fortunately the lions that prey on human beings are still a small minority. Most lions avoid men and are after the big game that hunters go to Africa to shoot. Lions haunt the high grassed plains where zebras, antelopes and gazelles abound.

Though the man eater is not afraid to single out a victim in a crowd and run off with him, it also loves a campfire. No blaze around the tents or din or gunfiring scares it off. The animal will spring into a group of twenty men sitting around a fire and carry off one before the others have time to realize what has happened. It has also been known, on the railroad line to Uganda, to spring upon a flat car loaded with men and donkeys while the locomotive was puffing and the train was slowly moving, seize a man and jump with him into the jungle and off out of hearing before the train could be brought to a standstill.

The nights were full of terror for the Indian coolies after one of them, resting from his day's toil, had made a dinner for a lion. The rest of the men took to roosting very high. None of them would sleep less than twenty feet from the ground in the trees or on the top of water tanks that were mounted high on a pedestal of railroad ties. Mr. Patterson, an assistant engineer on the railroad, killed several of the man eaters by sitting up all night for a fortnight and shooting them as they came prowling about the camp. An ingenious trap was arranged with men, apparently, for bait, though they were well safeguarded. One animal was fooled into entering, and it wasn't its fault that it didn't lose its life. A cage was built of iron railroad track with a door invitingly open. At the rear of the cage sat three men partitioned off from the rest of the inclosure by iron rails in front of them. Each held a rifle. In bounded the forager, down came the door, and it was a prisoner. Then the rifle blazed away and the lion roared and sprang from side to side seeking an exit. The most spirited lion show under canvas would pall on the senses in comparison with the frantic energy of this untamed performance. The cage shook as the animal hurled its weight against trying to break it down. Then while the bullets were flying the brute achieved a feat that entitled it to the name of Samson. It thrust its paws between two of the iron uprights and wrenched them so far apart that it managed to squeeze its body through and plunge into the jungle. Twelve shots had been fired at a distance of six or eight feet, and yet the animal escaped unscratched!

The man eater enters tents without the slightest fear, clawing away the stout cord fastenings as though they were woollen yarn. In this way one of them last year entered the tent of Mr. O'Hara, an overseer on the railroad line. He and his wife were sound asleep, side by side, though it was not late and there was plenty of noise and bustle in the adjoining tents. A light was burning in the tent, and Mrs. O'Hara, suddenly awakened by a movement, saw a lion with her husband's head in its mouth dragging him toward the exit. The tent was twelve feet long and the lion was about six feet away. The agonized woman screamed and the lion dropped the man's head and began to lash its tail and grow fiercely. There was instantly a great uproar and firing of guns outside, and amid the din the animal sprang outside and made off. Poor O'Hara probably did not have an instant's realization of what had happened. As he slept, the animal's teeth sank deeply into his temples and his throat was badly lacerated by the claws. He was dead at the door of the tent the moment he was reached just after the lion had gone.

These African terrors are not all of the lordly male sex. Dr. Ansonge, a noted Nimrod who has won the gratitude of a number of native villages by ridding them of man eaters they could not kill nor scare away, tells in the interesting book he has just published of killing females the proof of whose guilt was indubitable. One of them was decidedly advanced in years and her fortune seemingly had been hard, for she was much emaciated. It happens quite frequently that the lion is despoiled of its prey, and sometimes the victim lives to tell the tale, though he seldom escapes severe laceration. One of Dr. Ansonge's porters had a wonderful release, for the lion carried him off in his blanket, and the man escaped unharmed when the animal was frightened and dropped him. Another

porter seized while asleep, had his thigh badly injured, but the lion dropped him when the guns began to blaze. The man declared he was still asleep while being carried into the jungle, but suddenly awakened by the noise, he realized that a man eater had him, and then he threw his arm around the animal's neck and screamed. The camp was wakened all that night expecting the animal's return, but it found another party a mile away, stole one of the porters and devoured him, and next morning the road was seen to be strewn with provisions and other things the party had dropped in its headlong flight. On another occasion a man and a woman were carried off one evening by the same animal and both were rescued before they were fatally injured. There were ten wounds on the man, the worst in the thigh, and his heel bone was splintered and a part of it had to be removed.

Sometimes several weeks elapse before the best hunters are able to lay low the animal that has shown a stern determination to live on the denizens of some particular hamlet. It is only a single animal, as a rule, that preys upon a group of native huts, and when it is finally killed the natives may be spared a similar infliction for a long time. There is accordingly great rejoicing when the plague of the community can go on its raids no more. Mr. Selous, the famous hunter, tells of exactly similar experiences with man eaters 1,000 to 1,200 miles further south. It is very fortunate that lions of this stripe are comparatively few in number, for if all lions were man eaters Africa would become uninhabitable, unless the world organized a gigantic lion hunt to wipe the whole species out of existence.

Only a Dear Little Shoe-String.

The diffident young man had wanted to propose to the girl, but for the life of him he did not know how to go about it. He read books on the subject, and sought information from men who had experience; and while the theories were admirable, in every instance he found that the practice thereof was a different thing.

He was walking with her one evening, thinking over these things when her shoe became untied. She stuck out her pretty little foot with a smile, looked down at it, and he fell on his knees and tied the lace. Then he walked on with her, and the shoe became untied again. The third time it happened he was ready as before.

'See if you can't tie a knot that will stick,' she said, as he worked away at it.

He looked up at her tenderly.

'If I can't, I know a man who can,' he said.

'Do you want him to tie it?' she asked, coquettishly.

'Yes,' he replied.

She jerked her foot away.

He smiled to himself.

'It's the parson,' he said, and he tore to his feet and finished the work.

BORN.

St. John, to the wife of Dr. Jas. Manning, a son.
Digby, July 14, to the wife of D. P. Pelley, a son.
Windsor, July 26, to the wife of Lionel Parks, a son.
Bridgewater, July 13, to the wife of William Cross, a son.
Falmouth, July 20, to the wife of Lewis Armstrong, a son.
Albert, July 14, to the wife of Ernest H. Eyles, a daughter.
Westville, July 20, to the wife of James White, a daughter.
Black Rock, July 6, to the wife of Guy Balsor, a daughter.
Halifax, July 19, to the wife of Douglas Rutherford, a son.
Louisburg, July 17, to the wife of Dr. D. A. Morrison, a son.
Bridgewater, July 17, to the wife of William Duff, a daughter.
Lunenburg, July 10, to the wife of Ambrose Ambrose, a daughter.
Black Rock, July 11, to the wife of Hamford Rawding, a daughter.
Cumberland, July 16, to the wife of Alfred S. Brine, a daughter.
River Hebert, July 15, to the wife of Norman McLellan, a daughter.
Bridgewater, July 17, to the wife of Rev. E. P. Churchill, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Farrsboro, July 19, Alida Kerr to Stephen Wilson.
Boston, July 10, George R. Huestis to Cora Lincoln.
Halifax, by Rev. A. Simpson Maggie Ross to Henry Hill.
Digby, July 14, by Rev. W. H. Evans, James Sims to Bertha Ryan.
Oak Bay, July 8, by Rev. J. Millidge, Alex. Sloan to Maud Garcelon.
Canso, July 11, by Rev. A. Hockin, Harvey Munro to Charlotte Conrod.
Digby, July 15, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Daniel H. Dill to Edith Duxin.
Advocate, July 11, by Rev. D. T. Porter, Edwin Morris to Edith Lunn.
Advocate, July 11, by Rev. T. D. Porter, James Brown to Mary Brown.
Chelsea, July 8, by Rev. D. Drummond, N. A. McIver to Maggie McRae.
Advocate, July 12, by Rev. D. T. Porter, M. Fisher Allen to Laura Bonnett.
Fredericton, July 19, by Rev. W. MacDonald Wm. Wilson to Annie Polack.
Fredericton, July 5, by Rev. F. C. Hartly, Lemont Gillespie to Maud Webb.
Millford, July 19, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Robert Erving to Maggie Butler.
Fairville, July 19, by Rev. LeB. McKiel, David Hamm to Edythe Hayter.
Yarmouth, July 17, by Rev. Fr. Hamilton, Wm. Neddo to Winnie Deveau.
Boston, July 5, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, W. G. Dill to Mary A. McKinnon.
Truro, July 19, by Rev. D. O. McKay, Isaac McRae to Maggie McRae.
Yarmouth, July 15, by Rev. P. R. Scanes, F. A. Weddett to Jennie Baker.
Truro, July 8, by Rev. D. O. McKay, Neil D. McKay to Leah L. Hockin.
Annapolis, July 19, by Rev. J. R. Douglas, Richard Logan to Mrs. Mary McLeod.
Oak Bay, July 18, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Richard Logan to Mrs. Mary McLeod.
Mahone, July 15, by Rev. E. A. Harris, Miss W. L. Veinot to Charles Keddy.
Leicester, July 19, by Rev. Jas. McLean, Mr. L. Tress to Miss Ada McLean.
Halifax, July 15, by Rev. J. Wood, Jessie Bell Blanchard to Alfred J. Mason.
East Mountain, July 12, by Rev. J. Williams, Harry Forsell to Annie Nelson.
Yarmouth, July 12, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Joseph Hunkins to Mrs. Annie Brannen.

Glassville, July 19, by Rev. J. K. Bearisto, Robert Anderson to Lillian M. Duglas.
Fredericton, July 19, by Rev. Willard MacDonald, Robert Clarke to Mrs. Eva Price.
Middlefield, July 18, by Rev. F. E. Bishop, J. Everett Koster to Stella Kempton.
Hamptstead, July 19, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Fred J. McKinney to Lizzie B. McConchie.

DIED.

Carleton, July 8, Benj. Gallupe, 63.
Boston, July 16, Annie J. Murphy.
Amherst, July 15, Oliver Phelan, 60.
Assiniboia, May 8, C. D. Urquhart, 48.
St. John, July 20, John S. Darling, 80.
Cannun, July 17, Thomas McBride, 65.
Jud qu, July 4, Mrs. John Graham, 98.
Masstown, July 10, Thomas Davison, 67.
Middleton, July 15, John Henderson, 65.
Gagetown, July 23, Robert Ferguson, 31.
Halifax, July 20, Laleah H. Cogswell, 22.
Port George, July 13, Mr. John Fritz, 77.
Wolfville, July 19, Elizabeth Crawley, 79.
Roxbury, Mass., July 16, Peter McAdam.
Halifax, July 18, Mrs. Alice Anderson, 30.
Pictou, July 16, Mrs. Isabel McArthur, 84.
Poplar Hill, July 6, Donald McInnes, 86.
Antigonish, July 12, Ronald McKinnon, 86.
Yarmouth, July 19, Mr. William Acland, 68.
Marshalltown, July 9, Edward J. Hines, 86.
St. John, July 23, C. J. Montgomery, 1 year.
New Glasgow, July 18, John E. Sullivan, 20.
Lunenburg, July 14, Matthew B. Shankle, 62.
Lunenburg, July 8, Emanuel Eisenbauer, 82.
White Hill, July 12, Elizabeth F. Marshall, 45.
New Glasgow, July 13, Mrs. Margaret McLean, 50.
St. John, July 23, Richard Melvin Goldworthy, 21.
Lynn, Mass., July 17, Christy, wife of Joseph Vaux 54.
Baccaro, July 16, Alice, wife of Frank Nickerson, 26.
Boston, July 5, Maud, daughter of Harriet Faulkner.
St. John, July 20, Annie Station, wife of Stanwood Hiles, 28.
Halifax, July 18, Mary, widow of the late John Dwyer, 50.
St. John, July 9, Mary, widow of the late Robert J. Leonard, 15.
East Boston, July 12, Isabella G., wife of Edward J. Wilkie, 32.
Quaco Road, July 22, Margaret, widow of the late Alex. Baxter.
Baccaro, July 16, Christianna, wife of Sylvanus Nickerson, 32.
Port Hawkesbury, July 19, Isabella, wife of George Henney, 100.
Longville, July 8, Mary Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Alex. McLean, 46.
Cambridge, Mass., July 10, Arthur Ralph, son of Joseph Joshua, 14.
Yarmouth, July 19, Mary Ethel, daughter of Thos. A. and Lillian L. McKenna, 1 year.
Moncton, July 21, Edmund, child of Philip and Vivian Leger, 6 months.
Halifax, July 17, Maggie E., daughter of Richard and Bridget Morey, 1 year.
North Earlton, July 18, Lizzie D., daughter of Alex. and Mary Ferguson, 16.
East Boston, July 19, James W., child of James A. and Lillian L. McKenna, 1 year.
Rockingham, July 9, Clarence Whyte, child of Sylvanus and Lila Crowell, 8 years.
Montreal, July 16, John Douglas, infant son of John and Florence N. Rogers, 1 year.

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WORLD'S BICYCLE MEET
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ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted.)

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Lve. Digby at 2:00 p. m., arr St. John, 4:30 p. m.

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Lve. Yarmouth 3:45 a. m., arr Digby 11:25 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11:45 a. m., arr Halifax 6:30 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arr Digby 8:30 a. m.
Lve. Digby 8:30 p. m., arr Annapolis 4:50 p. m.

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Lve. Yarmouth 8:00 a. m., arr at Halifax 3:00 p. m.

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—AND—

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P. G. FIKINS, Superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

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On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899
Trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.)
as follows

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton.....5.30
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....11.50
Express for Moncton.....12.10
Suburban Express for Hampton.....12.40
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....13.10
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney.....22.30

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.10 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2.30 o'clock for Truro, Pictou, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton.....7.15
Express from Moncton.....11.35
Accommodation from Moncton.....12.40
Express from Halifax.....13.45
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal.....19.10
Suburban Express from Hampton.....21.50
Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton.....22.30

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

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Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John every Saturday at 5.30 p. m. for Wickham and Intermediate Ports. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. m.

Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1.30 p. m.

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